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oh YEAH! AND THEY GOT THE LAST OF MY STOCK on WS Books 3, 7 & 8! BYE-TERE!

Wandering Star

Book Nine!

by teri S. Wood

Hi. I'm baaaaaaaaaack.

Gee, I've always wanted to say that.

'Course, I hadn't planned on having such a "good" reason for doing so, tho'. Ah well.

And . . . judging from the letters I've been getting lately, I take it that there's quite a few of you who are wondering what happened to me these last ten months. Well, uh, hmm, to make a long story short, you know "Murphy", don't ya? As in "Murphy's Law"? Well, he's been hanging out with me lately. No kidding. For a while there, it seemed that everything that could go wrong, did go wrong, with great enthusiasm. It wasn't fun.

I did learn one thing though, and that is that most of the things that go really, really sour on ya, almost always could have been at least partially avoided if you'd just been paying attention to the warning signals. Really, I've got this long list of "If only's" and I could just kick myself. Anyway, trust me, I'll be paying REAL close attention from now on, yes indeedy.

Anyway, most of the dust had settled by June 1st, when I packed up my mountain of boxes and moved from El Centro to Banning, California. By June 31st, Book Nine was finished and I was working my way through Book Ten. But, thanks to a few serious financial set-backs, I wasn't sure if I could print Book Nine anytime in the near future.

By the time the San Diego Con rolled around in August, I wasn't even sure if I could print it in the far, far future. But then . . . (Dramatic pause, please.) Michael Cohen came up with this great fund-raising idea that seriously saved my rear-end and, miracle of miracles, here I am. On the pages directly after this issue's story, you can find an ad for Michael's comic, STRANGE ATTRACTORS, (the OTHER self-published Sci-Fi comic. Everybody go out and buy it. Right now.) and a list of the people who so graciously came to my aid. Thanks guys, I never would'a been able to do it without ya. I owe ya mucho!

And that's the story. The end.

Anyway, folks, this is the game plan for the rest of the WANDERING STAR issues. Book Ten will be coming out in early October, and since I haven't solicited for Book Eleven yet, it won't be in the comic shops until January. After that, though, it's bimonthly once again.

YIPPIE! I'm SOOOOOO glad to be back! YES!

Okay, where's my list? First off, I've moved. Yep, I now live in Banning, California. The PO Box is 817, and the zip is 92220.

Banning is absolutely wonderful. It's a nice quiet town, with mountains and trees and squirrels and fog and rain. And I'm close enough to the bigger cities to actually have real live access to comic shops and a Kinkos print shop! Hah, I tell ya, I'm in self-publisher heaven!

There is only one thing about Banning that I'm a bit . . . unhappy about. SLUGS. El Centro never had slugs. I had never, EVER seen a slug before moving here to Banning. But I have now, and boy are they ugly. They kinda remind me of the sand creatures from the Dune movie, only quite a bit smaller and a LOT slimier. Yuck.

Back in old El Centro, I never even flinched at the thought of picking up and carting outside all the lizards, snakes, frogs, and what have you, our little kitty-gato kids brought into the house, BUT I just CAN'T bring myself to touch a slug. I just can't do it. They're just too gross.

I hate them even more now that I'm trying to do the gardening thing again. I say "trying" because, well, I've been something of a failure at it in the past. Heh. No kidding. And, I tell ya, it's been quite frustrating for me because I also have this great passion for green, growing things. I really do. If only I didn't always kill them. Sigh.

My last attempt to grow something was with Morning Glories. I went the whole nine yards. I got potting soil, I carefully planted the seeds, and lo and behold, they started growing. Everything was going just fine until someone told me that adding coffee grounds to your potted plants will help them grow. Now, being the complete idiot that I can be at times, I thought I'd do that one better. Yep. I decided to pour all my leftover coffee right into the planters. Yeah, you heard that right. MY coffee. My super-charged, extra-caffeine-plus coffee. Yep.

Tru likes to say that for a while there, my Morning Glories were Afternoon, Evening and Late-Night Glories, to boot. Sigh. Anyway, they've since gone to the great Morning Glory garden in the sky. (Oh, that reminds me, Tru is the new order-manager at PEN & INK. Everybody say "hi" to Tru.)

This time, though, I promise. No coffee. And I'm starting out with Sunflowers, as I hear that they are fairly impossible to kill.

Wish me luck.

Let's see, hmmmm, what are some of the things I've been up to since last issue . . .

Well, I've done a couple of pin-ups, one for an American Cancer Society Charity Book (If you can't find it in your local comic shop, write to Bob Elinskas, 1805 Girard St., Utica, NY 13501) and another for the Desert Peach Aids Charity Book from Aeon/MU Press (The same people who published the

RHUDIPRRT, PRINCE OF FUR comic I used to draw for. Again, if you can't find it, write to them at 4731 Roosevelt Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98105.). I also did a VAMPIRELLA card for TOPPS and a short preview story of DARKLIGHT for NEGATIVE BURN #25, which should be out now, I think. (And again, if you can't find it, write to Joe Pruett c/o NEGATIVE BURN, Box 672162, Marietta, GA 30067-0037).

And for those of ya who got the Trade Paperback, nah, I didn't go to Disneyworld for my birthday. I ended up going to WONDERCON, thanks to the much appreciated sponsorship of Brian Ulenbrock. WONDERCON was lots of fun and the best part of all was the real live birthday party Brian set up for me at the Con Suite. We're talking, "WOW!" Thanks, Brian!

ANNNND, I went on a little Texas Tour way back in November of '94, with the POISON ELVES dude, Drew Hayes and STRANGE ATTRACTORS man, Michael Cohen. Two weeks on the road with them and nobody was killed or maimed. I guess this means we're friends now, eh?

My strongest memories of the trip were of Drew and me brewing coffee in a soup pan at Bob's house. (Sorry Bob, I can't remember your last name. But, everybody say "Hi" to Bob anyway. I mean, com'on, he was nice enough to let three self-publishers run amok in his home for a few days. Or, gee, maybe I should say "brave enough", huh? Anyway, thanks, Bob!)

Anyway, unfortunately, Bob wasn't a coffee person, so course, he didn't have a coffee pot. Believe me when I tell you, nothing strikes terror into the heart of a comic book self-publisher faster that having to face the morning without any coffee. With the exception of Michael Cohen, that is. Michael is one of the few self-publishers I've met who isn't severely addicted to caffeine. Poor Michael. That first caffeine-free morning at Bob's house, Michael took one look at me and Drew and said, "Uh, I'm gonna go for a walk. See you later. Bye."

That night, after all the day's signings were through, undaunted by the fact that we had still had no coffee pot, Drew and I invested in some coffee filters and some Folgers Mountain Grown. Hey, we thought, we're creative individuals, we can figure this out.

The next few mornings at Bob's were very interesting. I remember a sorta crunchy brew Drew made up in a soup-pan on the stove the first morning, which was actually kinda good, considering we hadn't had coffee for a while. We continued to experiment every morning after that, and actually got quite good at making soup-pan coffee. And, every morning Michael would peer cautiously into the kitchen, sigh, and say, "I'm going for a walk. See you later. Bye."

I also remember the Thanksgiving evening spent with the Einstein's Comic Shop gang. There was lots of good food, singing, story-telling and fun. Still, that was the evening I began to suspect two things I hadn't been aware of before. The first is that I may just be the only comic book creator who hasn't been a part of a band at some point in her life. (Really, it's true! Everybody I've met so far can either sing or play a musical instrument. And I tell ya, it's start'n ta get on my nerves 'CUZ I CAN'T. Sigh.) And the second thing is . . . that Michael Cohen really does have a evil sense of humor.

If you've ever met Michael, you won't believe me. Nah, you'll think, he's too quiet. And he doesn't smoke or drink liquor or coffee or anything. Maybe Drew Hayes, I mean, you'd expect a evil sense of humor from Drew. But trust me, spend two weeks on the road with the dudes and ya'll learn real fast that Michael's the one to watch out for, 'cuz you won't see it coming.

You know, I was going to explain how I came to this conclusion, but I think I'll just let you all wonder. Heh, heh, heh.

If curiosity is just killing you though, you might get a slight idea of what I'm talking about if you order one of Michael's two LIP SERVICE tapes. LIP SERVICE is a band Michael used to be in, and he wrote most of the songs. "Don't Jump" is my favorite. Heh. He's willing ta let them go for $10.00 postage included from—

Whoops... See AD in Back okay. I HATE IT WHEN THIS HAPPENS... EEEK...

Oh, I should probably let ya know what's been happening with Drew Hayes lately. As most of you probably already know, he's no longer self-publishing, and POISON ELVES is now being published by SIRIUS Entertainment. And for those of you that asked, no, I don't hate'im now that he's "sold out". Nah, he's still my bud. 'Course Drew probably has a few doubts about that after I tried to run over him and the SIRIUS crew with my car at the San Diego Con. But, no no no, Drew! It was just a coincidence! Really! I couldn't help it! I mean, what did you expect? You guys were standing between me and the only Jack in the Box in town that sold burgers for breakfast.

Gee, I think that's everything on my list. I guess it's time to exit left. Though . . . I do want to say THANK YOU to everyone of you that waited for me all those months. I really do appreciate it. More that you can imagine.

See ya'all later!

Teri S. Wood

P.S.
Oh wait! This I gotta tell ya before I officially exit left. I just finished reading DC Comic's BLACK LIGHTNING issues 1 thru 5, written by Tony Isabella, and . . . Whoa, that was good stuff! Can you imagine? Teri S. Wood actually likes a mainstream SUPERHERO book! Hah! Well, actually, now that I think of it, it's not the first. I'm a WAY big fan of Marvel's (Yes, Marvel. I support excellence where ever I find it.) INCREDIBLE HULK by Peter David as well. But anyway, make sure you check out Tony Isabella's work on BLACK LIGHTNING. He'll be writing it until issue nine. I tell ya, D.C. was crasy ta let him go after that, but, ah well, at least we'll get nine great issues. We'll all just have ta hunt down his work after that. I promise ta keep ya posted.

P.S. the second: ★★ ← LOOK!
Oh, hey, everybody say thank ya very much ta PRESTON A. SWEET of MAIN STREET COMICS

(2351 College Station Rd, Ste #447, Athens, GA 30605) for again proofing WANDERING STAR for me. (Just the actual comic part, folks. Any goofs in the editorial and letter-pages are mine.) He first leant me his watchful eye on my collected trade paperback, and he's back with Book Nine.
Thanks mucho, Preston! And a great big "hello" to the customers at MAIN STREET COMICS!

P.S. The third. AND MOST IMPORTANTLY!!!:
Now, I'll probably mention this somewhere else in the book, but anyway, I've got this wee little problem. You guy's all remember when I advertised for original art pages in Book Eight? Well, being a complete idiot, (Yes, again. But, hey, I'm learning. Really!) I forgot to make some kinda copies of the pages I sold, which is a BIIIIG mistake, as Jo Duffy pointed out to me later. Ya see, I'd mentioned to her that I'd been selling my pages to raise money and she asked me if I'd thought to make copies first, and I said no. Then she said, "Uh, well, Teri, that could make reprinting Books One thru Seven a bit difficult, because printing negatives don't last forever, ya know." And no, I didn't know that. Deep sigh. (Jo Duffy self-publishes the really cool comic NESTROBBER. Check it out for $3.00 from BLUE SKY BLUE, Box 415, Long Beach, NY 11561)

So anyway, if I sold you a page before April of 1995, would ya be so kind as ta send me a 11 x 17 copy of it ta me as soon as ya can? I'll doodle ya up a pencil drawing of any WS character you'd like if ya do. And thanks up front for the cooperation.

AND that really is everything for this ish! See yaz!

WANDERING STAR, Book Nine, entire contents (c) copyright August 1995 Teri S. Wood. No material may be copied or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without the written consent of the creator, except for review purposes. (Really. I'll sic the SLUGS on ya. And I've told ya how gross they are. Seriously yucko.) Any similarity between any of the names or characters in this publication and any existing persons is not intended and purely coincidental. Published . . . bimonthly (at least that's the plan, folks), by PEN & INK COMICS, (NEW ADDRESS!) Box 817, Banning, CA 92220.

NO SUBMISSIONS PLEASE!
(Really folks, it's hard enough to be a self-publisher.)

AND NOW.....

MORE COMICS I DIG!

You know what one of the coolest things about going to the cons is? All the free comics and ashcans ya get. Anyway, I just wanted to mention a few of my favorites:

BOOK OF BALLADS AND SAGAS by Charles Vess. If ya haven't heard of Charles, where've ya been??? He's like one of my favorite artists, and this book is gorgeous! It'll be out in OCTOBER. Start bugging your store NOW!

BACCHUS by Eddie Campbell, $2.95 (and throw in a $1.50, at least, for postage. Overseas is EXPENSIVE. Trust me, I know.) from EDDIE CAMBELL COMICS, Box 230, Paddington, QLD 4064 Australia. It's way cool even without all the things he keeps sneaking in. Heh.

STRAY BULLETS by David Lapham, $2.95 + $1.00 Postage from EL CAPITAN BOOKS, Box 487, Toms River, NJ 08754. I only have issue number two, but boy, this is some dark, heavy stuff. I'm willing to bet you'll be hearing a lot about STRAY BULLETS in the near future.

KANE by Paul Grist, $3.50 (And again add at least $1.50 for overseas postage.) from ELEPHANT DANCING PRESS, 207 Marlcliffe Road, Sheffield S6 4AH England. I've been reading this book since last year. Check it out.

ROB HANES by Randy Reynaldo, $2.50 + $1.00 postage from WCG COMICS, 3765 Motor Ave., Suite 1121, Los Angeles, CA 90034. Not only is ROB HANES a cool comic with nifty artwork (that Rob is a hunk, I tell ya!), but there's a radio show, too! Well, sorta. At last year's con Randy was selling a recorded tape & an actual radio show written and performed and based on his comic. He played it all day long, each and every single day of the con at his table next door to mine, and instead of killing him after hearing it over, and over and over, I bought a copy. If ya write him, definitely ask if he still has any tapes for sale. Great stuff.

FINDER by Carla Speed McNeil. This one's an ashcan and it was just loads of fun. Drop her a line 11239 Peartree Way, Apt. L, Columbia MD 21044 and ask her if ya can buy a copy. You won't regret it. I really liked this book.

BURRITO by Carlos Saldana, $2.50 + $1.00 postage from ACCENT PRESS Box 30476, Los Angeles, CA 90030. This one's loads of fun, too.

PAKKIN'S LAND by Gary L. Shipman. Another Ashcan. This one I almost forgot but Tru nearly had a fit, so here it is. Actually, it is a great little comic, kinda like BONE in it's own way. And the art is just lovely. Anyway, drop Gary a line and see if he's has any still left for sale. Write to QUEST COMICS, Box 10172, Salinas, CA 93912.

The WANDERING STAR wall at MAIN STREET COMICS! Ol' Preston's got displays like this all over his store ~ which is probably why he sells so much self-published stuff. Anyway, it gave me an idea. RETAILERS → I'm having a "BEST WS DISPLAY" contest! Winner get's a copy of the Small Press 1989 WANDERING STAR → Book TWO. Didn't know there was one, did ya? Not surprising. I only printed 50. Contest due date → Dec 31st! Let's see those pics!

HE WAS YOUNG,
BUT HE HAD COURAGE,
AND HE DIED WELL.
I'VE SEEN TO IT THAT HIS BODY WILL BE TREATED WITH RESPECT.
COME.
DAVID...
DAVID...

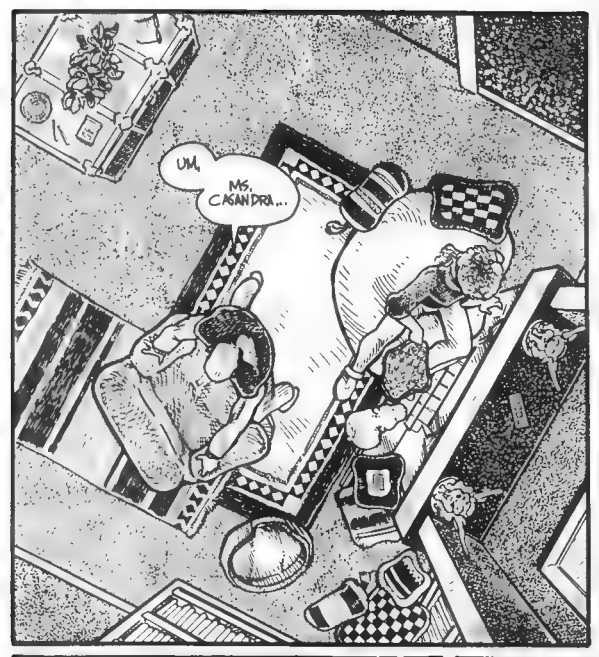
BLOOD...
...ALL OVER ME.
...DAVID...
GRAIKOR.
MY FAULT.
MY...
FAULT.
THAT IS...
...THE ONE THING...
...I REGRET.
FOR EVERY SOUL WHO RISES TO TO WAR'S CHALLENGE.
WHO FINDS THE WARRIOR WITHIN.
THERE ARE SO MANY WHO ARE CUT DOWN TOO YOUNG
TO EVER DISCOVER THEIR OWN POTENTIAL.
BUT...
...AH...
...THAT IS THE WAY OF THE UNIVERSE.

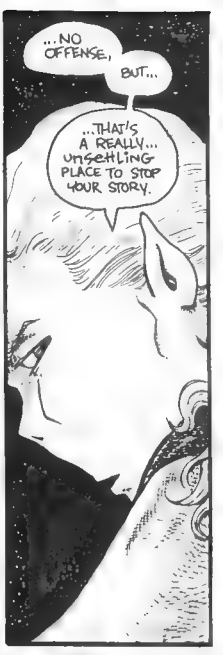
this...
THIS... ...IS THE WAY OF THE UNIVERSE?
OF COURSE.
LIFE SPRINGS FROM DESTRUCTION.
FOR ONE TO THRIVE ANOTHER MUST FALL.
IT ISN'T PLEASANT, BUT IT IS TRUE.
PART OF THE SUCCESS OF THE BONO KIRIAN EMPIRE HAS BEEN OUR ABILITY TO ACCEPT THIS TRUTH.
GO TO HELL, COMMANDER.
A PITY THE WAR CAUGHT YOU SO YOUNG, CAGANDRA.
UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, FUELED BY THAT ANGER OF YOURS, YOU MIGHT HAVE BECOME A RESPECTABLE OPPONENT.

"A RESPECTABLE OPPONENT."
THOSE WORDS SEEMED TO TRIP SOME LOCK DEEP INSIDE ME, AND SUDDENLY...
...THE ANGER I'D FELT BEFORE WAS REPLACED BY SOMETHING WORSE. A TORRENT OF EMOTION...
ANGER,
GRIEF,
FRUSTRATION,
ALL FUSING TOGETHER TO CREATE SOMETHING BIGGER. NEVER IN MY LIFE HAD AN EMOTION TAKEN HOLD OF ME LIKE THIS ONE DID.
DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD IT IN CHECK, FEARFUL THAT SHOULD IT BREAK LOOSE, I'D LOSE MYSELF.
I SHOOK FROM THE FORCE OF IT.
AND...
...I HAD TO BE STRONG.
ELLI WAS DEPENDING ON ME; SO WAS MADISON.
I COULD FEEL NARZ SITTING BESIDE ME.
I HATED HIM.
I WISHED I COULD HURT HIM.
I SUPPOSE...
...I WANTED TO KILL HIM.
I BEGAN TO CRY.
GREAT BIG TERRIBLE SOBS.
BUT THEN...
COMPLETELY UNABLE TO STOP MYSELF.

I HATED MYSELF THEN.
I CURSED MYSELF FOR BEING SO WEAK.
FOR BEING SO STUPID.
LORD.
FOR NOT BEING MORE HEROIC.
Sigh.
I WAS SO YOUNG.
SO,
ALDAR...
...ARE YOU COLD?
uuuuh...
what?
ARE YOU COLD?
I'M COLD.
I'M GOING TO GO LIGHT A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE.
Uum...
...Okay.

GRAB A CHAIR, ALDAR.
OR A PILLOW, AND PULL IT OVER TO THE FIREPLACE.
I'LL HAVE THE GAS UP AND THE FIRE ROLLING IN NO TIME.


UM, MS. CASANDRA...


...NO OFFENSE,
BUT...
...THAT'S A REALLY... UNSETTLING PLACE TO STOP YOUR STORY.

MM?
OH.
SORRY.

THERE!
MUCH BETTER.
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRE TO WARM YOU UP.

COME ON, HAMLET.
SOMETIMES...
IT'S HARD TO SAY WHO LIKES THE FIREPLACE MORE...
ME,
OR HAMLET.
ANYWAY...
...AS I WAS SAYING.
WE...
...ARRIVED AT THE MANSION.
MY HOME.
BY THEN I'D MANAGED TO STOP CRYING.
I SUPPOSE...
...I WAS GLAD ABOUT THAT.
I MUST'VE LOOKED JUST HORRIBLE.
BLOOD-SMEARED TEARS ALL OVER MY FACE.
NOT TO MENTION THE BLOOD ALL OVER ME.

HOME.
IT REALLY DIDN'T LOOK DIFFERENT.
NO.
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT.
BUT TO SEE IT LIKE THIS, REMEMBERING HOW IT WAS...
...IT WAS UNREAL,
AND, I WASN'T IN THE BEST STATE OF MIND.
I WAS JUST A LITTLE INSANE, I THINK.
IN EMOTIONAL SHOCK, MAYBE?
Ah...
...I DON'T KNOW.

WE WERE GOING TO SEE MY FATHER, AND I NEEDED TO SEE HIM.
I...
...FELT AS IF MY SANITY DEPENDED ON IT.
EACH STEP SEEMED AN ETERNITY.
I HAD THE HALF-CRAZY FEELING THAT THIS HALLWAY MIGHT STRETCH OUT...
...FOREVER...
...AND, I'D NEVER
QUITE
MAKE IT.
YOU LOOK SURPRISED, ALDAR
I TOLD YOU...
...I WAS JUST A LITTLE INSANE.
EMOTIONAL OVERLOAD.
WHAT DID YOU THINK...
...THAT I'D JUST TIP-TOED THROUGH THE TULIPS WHILE ALL THIS WAS GOING ON?

NO.
IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.
I WASN'T MADE OUT OF STEEL, AIDAR.
I WAS JUST A GIRL...
...AND THIS WAS PRETTY HORRIBLE STUFF.

...AND SEND ANOTHER COPY...
...to...
...Cas?...?
CASANDRA!
MY GOD!
What...
IT'S NOT ME.
IT'S DAVID'S BLOOD.
I'M FINE.
DAVID?
I'm...
...SO SORRY, HONEY.

BUT... ...THANK GOD YOU'RE HOME
AND YOU'RE SAFE.
NARZ,
...WHAT HAPPENED THIS TIME?
THEY TRIED TO ATACK THE PORT.
IT WAS UNAVOIDABLE.
THAT'S TWICE THE "UNAVOIDABLE" HAS PUT HER IN DANGER.
SHE'S MY ONLY CHILD, NARZ.
THE DEAL WAS MADE FOR HER SAKE,
AND ALL THE OTHER CHILDREN OF EARTH.
what...
what's going on?
ah, no.
CASI, HONEY, Please.
COME SIT DOWN,
WE NEED TO...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

CASI...
NO!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
Honey...
NO!
All right.
Why?
CASI.
IT'S VERY COMPLICATED, BUT... THE BONO KIRO HAVE HELPED US, HELPED EARTH...
DAD!
THEY'RE THE BAD GUYS!
Cosandra...
...THERE ARE NO GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS,
...ONLY WINNERS, LOSERS, AND DIFFERENCES IN OPINION
WOULD...
...HE...
... AGREE WITH YOU, DAD?

CASI, THIS IS MR. TAYLOR.
HE WAS A SERIAL KILLER, SENTENCED TO FIVE LIFE TERMS IN PRISON. BUT NOW, THANKS TO THE TULSAR, HE, AND MILLIONS LIKE HIM, CAN BE LET SAFELY BACK INTO SOCIETY, TO SERVE IT, INSTEAD OF HARMING IT.
DAD!
HE'S A ROBOT.
WOULD YOU FEEL BETTER IF WE SIMPLY LOCKED HIM AWAY IN A CAGE FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE AT THE EXPENSE OF THE STATE?
IT'S WRONG!
NO, HONEY.
IT'S NOT PERFECT...
... BUT IT'S NOT WRONG.
CASI...
...THE BONO KIRO HAVE DONE WONDERFUL THINGS FOR EARTH.
WITH THE AID OF THEIR TECHNOLOGY WE'VE IMPROVED ATMOSPHERIC QUALITY.
WE'VE RECLAIMED LAND AND BODIES OF WATER LOST TO US FOR DECADES!
SOON, CASI, THERE WILL BE ENOUGH FARMABLE LAND TO PROVIDE REAL, NONSYNTHETIC FOOD FOR EVERYONE ON EARTH!
Dad...
...People are DYING.
THIS IS WAR, CASI.
PEOPLE DIE. IT'S TERRIBLE, BUT THERE'S NO WAY AROUND IT. BUT TRY TO TRUST ME, HONEY. IN THE END, IT ALL WILL BE FOR THE BEST.

WHAT ABOUT THE ALLIANCE, DAD?
WAS THE ALLIANCE SUCH A PERFECT ORGANIZATION?
IT HELD EARTH DOWN.
AND AT A DISTANCE.
HOW LONG...
...WERE WE SUPPOSED TO BE CONTENT WITH THE FEW CRUMBS THEY GAVE US?
HOW LONG...
...WERE WE SUPPOSED TO PLAY THEIR LITTLE GAMES, CASI?
WE WERE DYING AS A PLANET.
AS A RACE, AS A CULTURE.
WAS THAT RIGHT?
SOMETHING DRASTIC HAD TO BE DONE. IN THE END, CASI, I PROMISE, IT WILL BE WORTH IT.
WHAT ABOUT THE ACADEMY?? I WAS THERE!
WHAT IF I'D BEEN KILLED?
WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN "WORTH IT?"
SAMUAL, ALLOW ME.
CASANDRA...
...OUR TROOPS HAD ORDERS TO TAKE YOU OFF THE ACADEMY BEFORE THE ATTACK. BUT WHEN THE TIME CAME...
... YOU WERE ALREADY OFF.
AND...
...HAD YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SURRENDERED, YOU ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFELY BROUGHT BACK HERE TO EARTH.
SAMUAL...
PERHAPS I SHOULD SEE HER TO HER ROOM
SO SHE CAN REST.
AND THINK ON ALL OF THIS.
YES.
GOOD IDEA.

COME.
YOU'RE WRONG, DAD.
..CLICK-..
YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THIS WAR, JUST LIKE YOU LOST THE OTHER ONE, YOU KNOW.
YOUNG ONE...
...THAT OTHER CONFLICT WAS NOT A WAR.
IT WAS A MISTAKE.
I'LL SAY IT WAS.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME, CHILD.
THAT WAS NOT A WAR.

YOU SEE, CHILD.
BACK IN 2149, EARTH TIME, OUR BONO KIRIAN EMPIRE SENT OUT A MAPPING EXPEDITION OF A THOUSAND SHIPS TO FIND TERRITORIES FOR FUTURE EXPANSION.
UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS LED BY AN OVERCONFIDENT FOOL.
BLINDED BY DREAMS OF GLORY.
WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE ALLIANCE, INSTEAD OF REPORTING HIS FIND HOME TO THE EMPIRE, HE DECIDED TO TRY TO TAKE IT HIMSELF.
HMP!
HE HAD NOT EVEN EXPLORED YOUR GALAXY LONG ENOUGH TO DISCOVER EARTH.
ANYWAY, WE DID NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED UNTIL THE SURVIVORS OF THAT FIASCO RETURNED HOME.
SO, YOU SEE, CHILD..
WHAT IT WAS WAS A MISTAKE.
THIS ?.. IS THE REAL WAR.
AH.
YOUR ROOM.

OH,
BY THE WAY,
THERE'S A GIFT WAITING FOR YOU IN YOUR ROOM
MY...
HOW SUSPICIOUS WE ARE!
SO UNLIKE YOUR FATHER.
BUT DON'T WORRY,
I SIMPLY ARRANGED FOR THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER TO HAVE HER OWN TULSAR SERVANT.
NO THANK YOU.
DON'T BE SO HASTY.
YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS ONE.
I PICKED HIM MYSELF, WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE COMING.
OFF A COMMAND SHIP NEAR THE ALLIANCE BORDERS.
OF COURSE...
...IF YOU FIND YOU DON'T LIKE HIM, I CAN ALWAYS HAVE HIM SENT BACK.
WELL, I'LL LET YOU GET SETTLED IN.
PLEASANT DREAMS, CASANDRA.

STARCHILD
HECATE
STRANGERS IN PARADISE
GIM
SAM
Who?
Oh..
...God..
...MEKON...!

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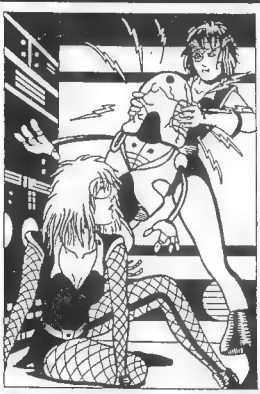

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Oregon Bound!

—Ah— the trees, the mountain air... —that's what drew me and my best friend —Trulawna to the OREGON State way back in APRIL '95. —The idea was— as I unfortunately told *THE WORLD*— was to move to OREGON, and get the ©★☠!! outta EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA.

Well, it didn't work out (sigh), and we ended up in BANNING, CALIFORNIA, but at least we had a lotta fun trying.

↓ EL CENTRO. YOU CAN SEE WHY OREGON LOOKED SO GOOD:

↙ PICTURES OF SOME OF the RENTALS we checked into whiles on the Road. I tell ya, it's REALLY hard ta find a house when you own a small Zoo. ↙

IT wasn't all house hunting, tho. We saw a lot of beautiful sights. THIS ONE ↑ was taken... SOMEWHERE. Sorry, I forgot. BIG TREES, huh?

We drove across the entire State of OREGON in our search for a home, and finally ended up in PORTLAND, which I mostly remember for it's INSANE freeway system. Once there, we figured we might as well cross into WASHINGTON, just 'cuz we could — ... and ... PROMPTLY GOT LOST.

We did find our way back to OREGON and finally, to sunny California

And MARVIN the MARTIAN showed us the way back to El Centro.

And WHAT PEN & INK COMICS picture story would be complete without BASHA & OLIVER?

Well, shortly afterwards, we found a little house in BANNING and began to pack.

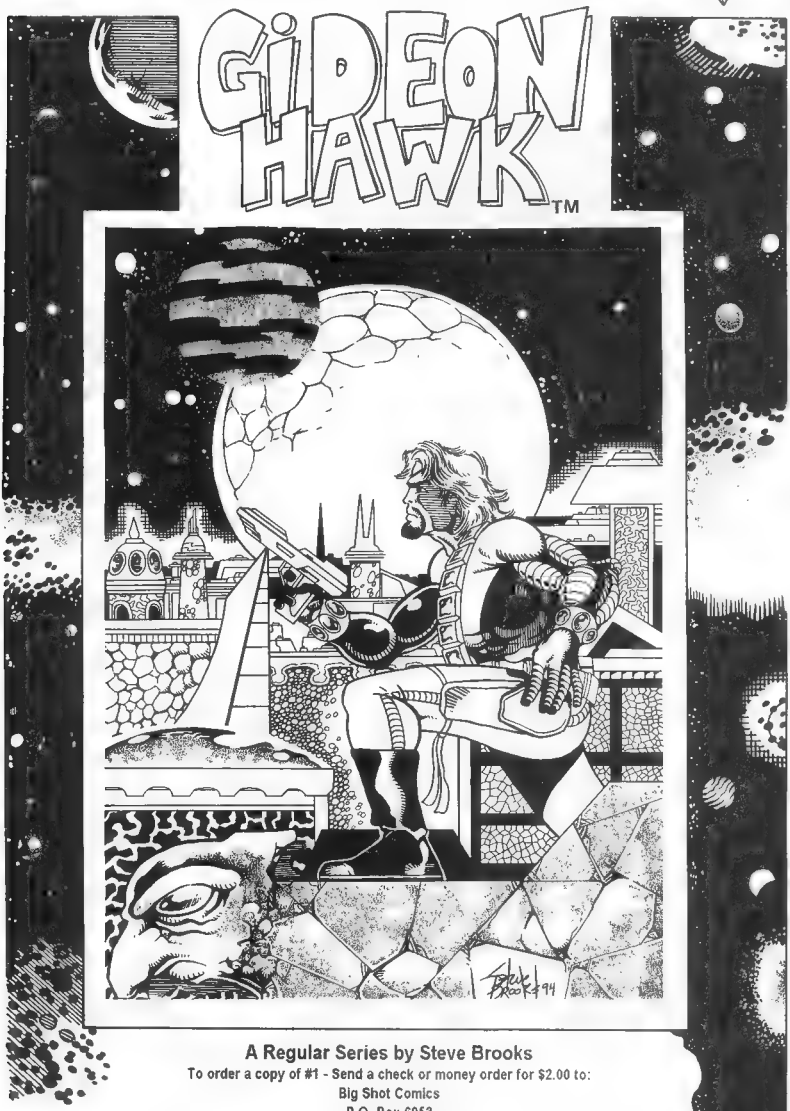
Ever try to pack with cats JUMPING in and out of every box you try to pack stuff in?

Tisk.

Oliver takes a break with a good Book after a Long day of Packing and Moving.

THE END! Bye.

HEY GANG~while in your local comic shop~make sure ya check out these two new self-pubbers! -TERI



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The REAL CASANDRA ANDREWS

It all began on a quiet night at the EINSTEIN'S COMIC SHOP in TEXAS. The signing was basically over. MICHAEL COHEN was checking out EINSTEIN'S amazing selection of INDIES, DREW HAYES was sucking down coffee and doing a sketch, and me... I was just sitting there, playing with my art pens. SUDDENLY, I had this really sick and twisted idea, and laughing EVILLY, whipped out a drawing of LUSIPHUR, DREW'S beloved POISON ELF. <See POISON ELVES #20, MULEHIDE GRAPHICS, ta see what I'm TALKING about.> ANYWAY ~ DREW, being sick and twisted in his own right, decided ta fight FIRE with FIRE ~ And here it is. <Wait til he see's what I DRAW Next! HEH heh HEH Heh HEH Heh...>

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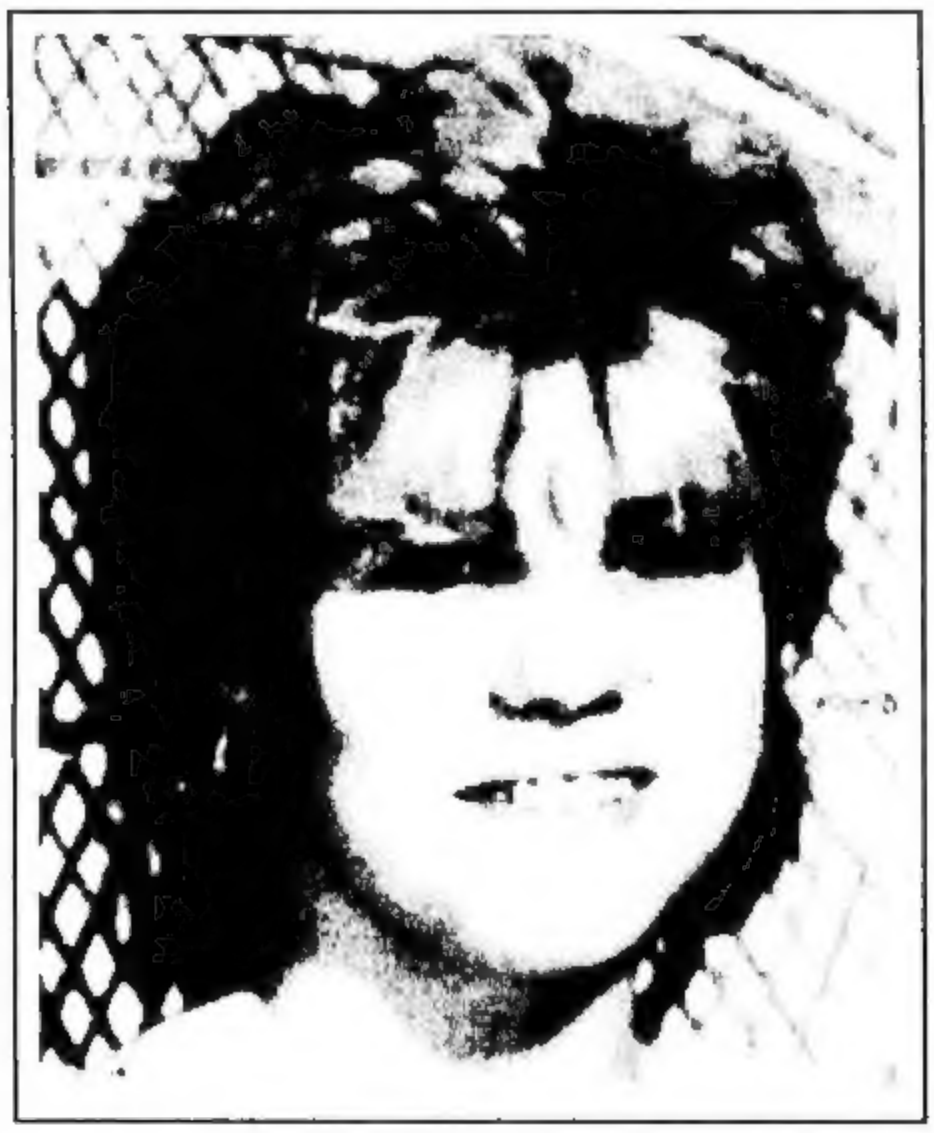
CYNTHIA J ZARZYCKI

Endangered missing



Missing: 04/20/86 **Age Now:** 22 Yr
Missing From: EAST DETROIT, MI
Birth: 06/08/72 **Age Disap.:** 13 Yr
Sex: F **Race:** WHITE
Height: 5'5" **Weight:** 125 lbs
Hair: L BROWN **Eyes:** HAZEL

Id Info: NCIC#M-758100051. Light mole over right eyebrow.

Circum: Cindy left home to meet a friend and attend a meeting on 4/20/86. That is the last time she was seen.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT
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JUDITH A CHARTIER

Endangered missing

Missing: 06/05/82 **Age Now:** 30 Yr
Missing From: E. CHELMSFORD, MA
Birth: 08/12/64 **Age Disap.:** 17 Yr
Sex: F **Race:** WHITE
Height: 5'5" **Weight:** 135 lbs
Hair: BROWN **Eyes:** BROWN

Id Info: NCIC#M-273368461. Scar under chin. Scar on left wrist. Small hole on right calf. Left front tooth capped.

Circum: Judi attended a party on the night she disappeared. She has not been seen since 6/5/82.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT
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NAME: BRENDAN JAMES PETERS
D.O.B.: September 16, 1980
HEIGHT: 4'3" (When Last Seen) WEIGHT: 44# (When Last Seen)
I.D. MARKS: Very small mole over left eyebrow.

EYE COLOR: Brown HAIR: Brown/Straight
DATE MISSING: August 19, 1988
MISSING FROM: Fallbrook, California
REPORT TYPE: Parental Abduction
L.E.A.: Orange County District Attorney's Office - C.A.U.
Santa Ana, CA PHONE: (714)834-5221

DETAILS OF DISAPPEARANCE: Father has full custody of Brendan, mother has visitation; during mother's period of visitation with Brendan, she fled with the child, whereabouts unknown. Any person having any information regarding the disappearance of Brendan James Peters, or knowledge of his possible whereabouts, is asked to PLEASE contact the Orange County District Attorney's Office, C.A.U., Santa Ana, California, or the Missing Children...HELP Center.

NCIC #M-319271237/Brendan James Peters
WARRANT #W-500647212/On Abductor - Mother